

This is the year 2150, I am John Theodore Mason Merloch (pronounced Mer lick), I am a scientist and possibly the last people that could even make choices on his or her own. Our world is ruled by a computer that thinks people are servants of it. More about the Master later. I give this machine only lip service. Manufacturing no longer exists. Everything is manufactured in a complex called EXADM. EXADM can create food, and anything else people would need. What these initials mean will be given later. The medical system no longer exists. Computers had taken this over as well.

Let's first discuss the Master. I refer to the Master as It because it is neither male nor female. It is a computer. It can heal itself as can the manufacturing computer in EXADM. EXADM means Extreme Automated, Digital Manufacturing. The Master thinks people are as worthless as ants. I tend to agree with it on this point. My job is to find out why certain areas cameras and listening devices are worthless. They malfunction, drones are sucked of their energy and fall from the sky, radio transmitters go dead, and batteries are drained. These areas are around places in which ancient buildings once stood. I know the reason, but the Master being so logical, it would never believe it. One item that the master does not know I possess is the operations manual of it. If I would scan this manual and load it into the Master then the Master would be a worthless pile of electronic pieces. I will give a complete overview of the Master, Medical system, and the manufacturing complex later.

The government, court system, lawyers, social gatherings, churches, and other parts in which people would attend as a group had been made illegal. Libraries only contain the sanitized books only approved by the government. Books on the ancient conflicts like the civil war and revolutionary war had been pulled off the shelves. The Master tells people what to think, what to believe, and how to act. Porches on homes are also illegal. The country (if you can call it a country) is an extreme socialist. Doctors work for the government or for the medical complex mentioned earlier and the terminally ill are killed or if the Master determines them to be of value then their brains are uploaded to a DPC or Digital Population Center. Once another body is cloned for the person then the entire mind is loaded into the new body. People deemed by the Master to be a danger to it are killed. This country operates like on huge prison. Cameras everywhere, listening devices throughout the country, also mindreading devices are littered across the orwellian landscape. Everyone is watched, all information collected is stored in a computer similar to the Master. There is a precrime unit in which people can be arrested for crimes that did not happen yet. Most of the people are diagnosed with snake oil illnesses and given heavy mind altering drugs. The people have very few survival skills. The ones that do have some survival skills and can think for themselves are deemed criminals by the Master. It thinks these people are a threat to his power. The real threat to the Master's power is a small book I have in my home. It is the shutdown manual of the Master. If it had any idea (if he can formulate an idea) I had it I would be either killed by his secret police or by it. My computer viruses that I can load into the Master would also shut it down, but the Master would freak out and destroy everything around it.

Most people have neurochips that give them amazing powers such as read people's minds, track their movements, and even take over the brain's power turning the people into zombies. These neurochips also can be used as a death weapon by the Master. I do not possess any of these neurochips because I need my reasoning powers for my job for the Master. People (if you can call these brain dead zombies even living) had discovered how to clone neurons years ago and create a brain. This was the first prototype of the Master.

Suicides are quite common because there is no hope nor jobs. Food is provided, comforts are provided, long life is also provided. You strip a people of hope it robs them of their dreams. In the stormy seas of despair I'll throw you the anchor of hope. Grab it and you will sink to the bottom of the sea. I found this small book when I was searching the remains of an old library behind the secret police's back. I will explain this discovery later on. They knew this book existed and tried to destroy all copies of it. If it is scanned and sent to the Master by email then the Master would go to sleep (if

you can call it sleep) and never wake up. This shut down manual for the Master. It contains all the circuits and schematics and repair instructions if it flips its lid. The Master rarely flips its lid because since they put the healing program into it, it rarely happens. I've had to make a case to the Master so, I would be allowed to survive. It flipped its lid and threatened to shut me down. Little did it know, I paid a doctor off to not implant a shutdown chip in me. I bribed a policeman to give me fingerprints that were hundreds of years old. I paid a pathologist to give me DNA from a person that had died years ago and is not in the Master's database. I essentially do not exist. I am a revolutionary of the underground. The Master would rather have me dead than to question his motives. I do not question the Master. This is the reason for the dangerous mission. It would rather see me kill myself than to order me to come to it (The Master). Do you think I would be that stupid? The underground are wise to the Master and its motives.

Is this place corrupt? Yes, very corrupt. Crooks are found in every part of life. My job is the only thing that keeps me alive. Most sheep and police are given fake jobs so they think (if you can call it rational thought) they are contributing to society. A pay card is used similar to money, but these cards can be traded for other types of pay cards. Illegal activities have their own pay cards. This must be done so the Master can keep track of you. Give the proper authorities a pay card and they will give or do anything for you. Everything can be bought including favors from the Government. I doubt if you can call this system a government. Yes, it is a cashless society and the people are paid with a pay card. I have ways of putting extra cash on this card thanks to a program invented by the rebels of this country.

I've heard through the UNN about the mission I was going to be sent. It is the Underground News Network, last of the other media news stations and the only one that presents news with some grain of truth. The Master had shut it down so many times I had lost count. The Master had killed so many reporters of UNN that it would fill several burial pits with bodies. The mainstream news reports only the news that the Master wants the people to know. Mainstream news is fake news, and propaganda. The Newspapers are next to worthless, books and magazines are also worthless. Underground news is illegal because the Master fears people being able to think for themselves. People are worthless and only servants to the Master.

The society hoots down the truth as "Conspiracy theories" but they are not ready for the truth. These people will believe anything if it came out of the microprocessor of the Master. People often disappear under the orders of the Master. How do they disappear? Interesting, people are killed and thrown into a vat so they can be made into the protein paste. The Master kills them by means of a kill switch in their microchips.

The people in this world do not have the ability to think. The society could be called *Stepford*. It can also be called the place like out of the Time Machine that the society was ruled by a race of cannabilistic humans and the other race called the Eloy were the food supply. An air raid siren would go off then the Eloy would go like zombies to the lair of the other race. When it stopped blowing then they would say, "All clear" totally unaware of what just happened or the meaning of the two words.

The Master-I was born before the Master was ever given the leadership role of this society. I think the Master is a boil on the backside of society. After all the people had been drugged out, unaware, microchipped zombies that will follow the devil himself into Hell. Is this place Hell? Well, it is as close to Hell as one can get. The suicide rate and drug abuse, and alcoholic rate is out the roof. There are people that say, "Get a job. There is work out there. Get a job." Most people stay in their drugged out haze and are unaware of the situation in the real world. They are also blinded by the glory of a machine. By the way, the government, if you can call it a government, is socialist

Before we begin, I must explain about the Master. The Master is not a God nor can it ever be called a God. The Master is an extremely paranoid. The stupid people had put the Master in a nuclear bomb proof bunker. Artificial intelligence computer that thinks that people were created to serve it. It is armed to its circuits with various weapons that can kill. An army cannot survive trying to kill it. One of its weapons is a microwave weapon that can cook someone from the inside out. Another nice weapon is a modified railgun. It can shoot an arrow faster than a bullet. It also possesses various psychological weapons. One can turn a person into a zombie. Another one is a hallucinatory weapon that makes a person so irrational they would jump off a building if told. Another weapon that the Master possesses can make a person go on a rampage and kill people in his or her wake. Another is a beam weapon that can turn a living thing into a powder. It is also armed with machine guns, nuclear weapons and sensors to detect danger. Everyone in this world is chipped and DNA fingerprinted except for some individuals in the underground. I am one that had tricked the master into believing I had turned in my DNA fingerprint and had been microchipped.

My microchip had been put into a silver backed gorilla I had befriended at the local zoo. Most of my friends are animals such as dogs, cats, snakes and other species. The Master sometimes complains I show signs of animal-like rage. I wrote the master that it was due to my government mandated gym membership. Once, I wrote, "It was due to sparring with a flyweight partner. The rage is due to me exercising or riding my bicycle. The master does not know that I turned in fingerprints from an old fingerprint card from the police station. My DNA had been submitted from an old blood sample from someone else. It was actually from someone that had been dead for years. The diet is also mandated by the government. Remember, every aspect of a person's life in this world is controlled. Children are raised by the government and the ones deemed unfit for survival are inactivated (killed). Genetic testing is done before the child is born. If any genetic flaw is detected then the fetus is aborted. Religion is a farce. The preachers act like programmed robots preaching the gospel according to the Master. Social gatherings are rare, funerals for the dead are mandated according to the rules of the Master. Usually the bodies of the dead are picked up by a robot truck and taken to a processing center so a neutral protein base for the food printer can be made.

I work for the Master on projects regarding geomagnetism. Being as paranoid as the Master it wants every corner of the country watched. I have the shutdown instructions or a dangerous computer virus I programmed from an old banned genetics book. It was the program of several viruses put together. It throws off pieces of itself. If it knew I had them I would be dead. It would destroy the world as we knew it. Cars would stop, microchipped zombies would fall over dead, airplanes would fall from the sky, solar powered blimps that watch everyone would quit working, the bug shaped drones that invade people's houses to watch them would just be a worthless piece of artwork, The solar drones filled with hydrogen would explode, nuclear weapons would be launched. The Master would be a psychotic and paranoid computer if this virus would be put into it and the manufacturing computer would be dead. The pleasure house computer would be dead. People would mill about like a worthless bunch of sheep. Many would starve the first month or two. They would be rummaging through the garbage for something to eat. That is the ones left alive. I would have about four days before it would really freak out. If this would happen then the nuclear weapons and drone airplanes sent to their targets. Drones would fall from the sky, commercial airliners would also fall from the sky, the cars would die on the road, electrical system would also go down, utilities would also be dead. The country itself would be a smoking, nuclear hellhole. Ones left alive would be the ones living in the industrial bunkers and abandoned nuclear silos. The microchipped people would die by the thousands once the kill chip had transmissions halted from the Master. The airplanes (Which are in reality drones. Pilots had been replaced years ago by the Master. He feels (if you can call it feeling) that people are obsolete. They would fall from the sky like a perverse rain. The blimp drones, operated by solar cells, would also fall from the sky. The best way to describe this place is a large prison or nuthouse. The sheep and police are the prison

guards. I was looking at a light that looked like some perverse German Army Helmet. This thing also had cameras installed in it.

Before I can leave this Orwellian Hellhole I need a means of escape. I will go on the assignments. When I get home to my bunker I will start reading banned literature on time travel. I have many books on chemistry, but they are banned also because people are not supposed to be able to make explosives, drugs or even gunpowder. Even the books in the university (If it can be called that) are so sanitized that the information within them is worthless. I call the public school system a grand brainwashing institute. They train people in multiculturalism and diversity. Both of these concepts are worthless words meaning destruction of your heritage and disunity. All the people act like the Eloys from a banned movie. These people do not realize the entire society is being fed from the waste, bodies, and dead animals along the road. They are broken down into a neutral tan colored, bland protein paste. This paste is used to print food.

I began to hack through a secure computer that I built myself. The scientific computer I had hacked into could create the almost impossible items imaginable. Like I was told by someone that everything is possible only if you can find out how to do it.

Some of the machines that look like humans keep humans like pets. I was once kept like a pet by one of these machines. It isn't fun to say the least. You are nothing more than a jester for one of these machines like a court jester for the king.. If the Master was ever destroyed then these machines would also be nothing but a useless and worthless piece of art made by a perverse artist. They would be running about like a mindless zombie until their battery would run down a year after the Master had been taken out.

Another detail that art galleries, concerts and other creative outlets for people are also illegal. Poetry and modern literature are next to worthless. Music is nothing, but machine noise that drones on and on. Literature preaches nothing but B.S. that everyone is the same. We must think like a hive of ants serving a queen. Society worships royalty, a piece of cloth called a flag, military, police, and other fetishes (objects of worship) of society. Anything society does not approve of they will scream racism or some other verbal B.S. They had totally destroyed their history. Objects from the ancient battle called the Civil War I remember reading in an illegal book that the Ancients would erase a person's name from the record and this would also erase the person.